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# Bard

## WAVE FORMS

1.

The waves wake us  
or in us and before us  
there is nothing to be done  
and mirrors to be cracked  
shattered scattered  
till we are many  
and then we are like them  
everywhere the same  
each different  
all of them on their  
way all of us  
waiting arriving.

2.

Doctor I wrote this to share my anxiety  
with language, to abate my anxiety.  
Is that a transitive verb?  
Don't worry about the edges  
there has to be something between us—  
the spaces between are what counts.  
Where the waves are?

Yes and more than movement  
something about a wave is always still  
it is as if not it but another  
is lifting it and letting it fall.  
We call that the sea.  
But doctor who lifts me  
who slaps me down  
and sprawls me down  
lifeless in a thinkish hour  
seething with fears,  
all the small machinery  
I must amend?  
Just say mend—  
I notice it's the verbs that give you trouble.  
Yes yes if only I just didn't have to do.

3.

He was silent then  
the conversation ended  
in promises and money.  
Outside the window  
a single chipmunk ran  
this way and that way  
only too obviously a sign  
of a baffled mind—

he should drop the doctor  
and get a different pet.

Then he felt sorry for him  
because the doctor likely  
knew nothing about the  
little animal, a stranger  
like everybody else.

17 July 2012

= = = = =

Shadows of leaves  
quivering on the wall  
heal all.

17.VII.12

= = = = =

Helical arrival  
of a leaf  
or butterfly's descent  
coming down  
to earth  
respectfully  
they ride  
the atmosphere  
we only consume.

17.VII/12

= = = = =

[Dream:]

Founding a philanthropic project called *Many Mothers*  
because  
a youth has many mothers.

18.VII.12

## **SPEAK OF THE DEVIL**

The steel counts  
the torque matters  
the torque is matter

in front of the museum the big screw  
the devil drives  
by turning self around

the smiling devil licks my hands  
the devil unfolds on the lawn  
it's up to me to open the devil

it's up to use to drink  
or not  
or unscrew the lyd

unspell the lust that lives  
among the letters  
the devil *sprawls*

the devil is not what I want  
but what I want  
the devil is any kind of weather



in Munich with red hair  
mountain rumble  
the devil is the best listener

no saint has such keen ears  
the devil hears me thinking  
huge screw propeller

a house that drives on water is a sin  
the devil doesn't believe in sin  
the devil is the sun

her name is Grian or Grein in Gaelic  
the sun is a sin  
because some of us are thinking

weather cures the mind from thinking  
see what winter said to Descartes  
die, Sir, you cannot ski with Death and live

snow, Sir, the devil you half believe in  
believes whole-heartedly in you  
the devil is the one

the devil is a second number looking for the first  
the devil is a surd a root an unsaid  
the devil is a consequence looking for a cause

in that sense the devil is milk  
the devil is anything you put into anything else  
screwing the water

weather drives through us like a surd in thinking  
sometimes thinking is deaf  
sometimes only the devil remembers

mute like the sound of an island  
an island is all edges and no middle  
the devil is a seacoast cold with foam

the devil is a foal that springs ashore  
the devil is a pebble beach in the north wind  
the devil wants me I can tell

the hand the devil licked helps you come ashore  
climb firmly on me for I am never  
the devil says it attracts hidden salts

the devil is a failed asymptote  
the devil is a screw that does not penetrate  
I know little about people and the devil less

the devil listens to everyone and grows confused  
the devil collapses on the lawn and smiles  
the devil is bewildered so weather happens

weather reminds us we have bodies  
the devil reminds me we *are* bodies  
I doubt this reminding

I still say I have a body  
the way a word has the ink it's written in  
the devil says maybe

maybe is the cutest word the devil knows  
in the old sense maybe  
what do you know about me the devil says

nothing I say and that leaves me free to speak  
the devil reminds me When you  
were a child you thought a road *leaves* somewhere

my hearing was poor and words are so pretty  
they attract me to the wrong meanings  
the beautiful sounds all by themselves

the devil's dress billowed in the wind  
the devil sprawled across my mind and laughed  
I laugh at how nothing you know

but then I laugh at your everything  
please turn off the weather  
I want to stop thinking

the devil snickered like a car alarm  
expostulating with a criminal  
the devil asked me if I'd watered my pot of basil

no you do it you do it you do it  
the devil stopped talking to me  
I watched the devil saunter away

the devil always is a pilgrim  
the devil is exiled in us  
sad in this deceiving world

once there was a pretty wolf  
went walking in the woods  
the wolf saw the devil the devil saw the wolf

all in red the devil was  
and neither understood the other  
since the year they met

all our identities have been confused  
maybe someday there will be words enough  
the wolf and the devil bit each other

they liked the taste they loved the tasting  
asymptote spoiled again! they became!  
and they became each other

now I can't tell which one is me  
neither of us the devil says  
we left you far behind be quiet now

and tell only what you saw  
what you thought you saw  
what you thought we made you see

be quiet and tell only about me  
the devil absorbs people who listen  
people who come close

the devil sprawls on the sofa and admires me  
the devil never saw anyone like me  
but that is true of everyone the devil sees

we all are different in the devil's eye  
that's why we need the devil  
the devil's eye is what makes us beautiful

you didn't see that the devil says  
didn't see just thought  
thought doesn't count be silent

silent till you tell only what you see  
and in all the world you will  
you can you want to see only me

could there be anything to look at and desire  
but the devil's thighs straddling  
the white horse of the world

the one with the wild blue mane?  
animate me! I am a story  
with no manga no image of me in all I see

the devil is flattered by my attentions  
but refuses to yield says  
Speak only when you're spoken in

your desires distract you from the real  
and close your eyes against my vision  
open your mouth and see

but only when I tell you who  
the devil sprawls on my chaise longue  
I sat opposite on my stiff chair

is this how it will be forever  
the devil plucked idly at the cushion's fringe  
the devil made the clock stand still

the devil from across the living room  
wiped the sweat off my brow  
now it is time to go

vanish into the failed asymptote  
to touch and never tell  
to tell and never touch

how can anybody so old be so young  
we both wanted to know  
the devil gets tired of talking about me

climbs up the wall and eats the chandelier  
the sun went out  
the rain does fall

the devil scrubs every city clean  
the devil knows the name of every street  
the devil knows the secret name of every child

there are no shadows where the devil rides  
a blue-steel gleaming screw  
squirming through the middle of the air.

18 July 2012



## **ROSES OF SHARON**

How can I keep talking  
about the same old stuff  
because I'm the same  
old me, the slim  
pickings of an average  
mind strewn about  
in average words  
as if you cared.  
And you do care.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

But I can see the universe right now  
clear as Cameron's Julian's hazelnut  
but smaller, waterdrop beaded on eyelash  
glistening, but on what eye? The sky  
reflected in it. Nothing made,  
nothing ever has been made.  
It all is this now and unbeyond.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

I am Picasso.

I turn a picture of a bull  
into the picture of a bull.

Roar of applause

in which i do not join.

19.VII.12

= = = = =

When her name was Chastity  
she could fly  
from column to column in public piazzas  
and the shadows of her filmy frocks  
fluttered pale in parentheses  
asphalt paved.

But when her name was Liberty  
she started bar fights and torched trashcans  
and made everybody mad.

Someday her name will be Forgiveness  
and she'll be a river floating an old scow away.

19 July 2012

= = = = =

Hummingbirds all over the hibiscus  
one or many too hard to tell  
they are everywhere I chance to look  
then they are nowhere.

19.VII.12